The World.
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WHY BINGHAM?

GENERAL BINGHAM'S friends and admirers continue to discuss his eligibility for the Police Commissionership under the Mitchel administration.

The General was summarily removed from office by Mayor McClellan as the outcome of the Duffy affair. Under the city's charter persons removed from office for cause are not eligible for further appointment. Yet, this having been a summary removal without charges or hearing, some people hold that the General is now perfectly eligible. All of which is a question for the lawyers.

To the average man it often seems that New York is too prone to swap Police Commissioners at random from sheer force of habit—with the idea of getting something different rather than something better. If there were anything in the theory that the best Police Commissioner is the untried Police Commissioner, it would rule out the General. To many, however, Gen. Bingham seems to figure among those who have had their chance—without having furnished any startling proof that they could make the most of it.

In any present consideration of the Police Commissionership it is by no means irrelevant to note that Rhinelander Waldo has been a much better Commissioner without Mayor Gaynor than ever he was with him.

District-Attorney Whitman wants $10,000 appropriated to dig out the facts about Tammany tamperings with State contractors. Ten thousand dollars' worth of excavating may turn up discoveries that mean millions to the taxpayer.

A CULT OF HUMAN SACRIFICE.

THE arrest of eight striking mail chauffeurs suspected of plots involving dynamite and murder is another grim reminder for New York of the risks in a free-for-all licensing of chauffeurs. Will the city heed the warning?

An ordinance to bring the Juggernaut mail trucks under the control of the city's speed laws is now before the Board of Aldermen. The Aldermen are expected to act upon it next Tuesday. At last, therefore, there is a prospect of freeing New York from the terror of these huge engines of death which, since the beginning of the year, have crushed out eleven lives in the city streets.

But in repeatedly calling attention to the menace of ponderous mail trucks driven at reckless speed through crowded thoroughfares The Evening World has pointed out that this is only one of the ways in which New York needlessly casts itself under the wheels of the all-conquering automobile.

The best automobile laws are worthless without adequate penalties—penalties that mean something, penalties that are enforced. Col. Edward Cornell, of the National Highways Protective Society, declares that in this State "a reckless chauffeur stands four times the chance of escaping punishment that he does in the neighboring State of New Jersey."

A record of 1,131 street accidents caused by motor vehicles since Jan. 1 ought to open the eyes of New York to the fact that its present mad worship of the auto is a cult dark with human sacrifice.

The specimen of new popular five-cent bus exhibited to the town is about the size of a trolley car. Query: Ought the streets to be used quite so copiously?

NEW YORK'S STUPENDOUS ASSET.

ONLY a year and a half late the city begins to move into its scrumptious new $20,000,000 Municipal Building. By the New Year it is hoped that the twenty-five floors of this palatial "hotel de ville" will be humming with the work of the city's thirty-six departments carried on by fifteen thousand employees.

"Hoped," we say. This was the building which was planned to be ready for occupancy in May, 1912! Why wasn't it? Ask the granite contractors, ask the interior finish contractors, ask the floor contractors, ask the elevator contractors, ask numberless sub-contractors, ask the Comptroller's office. Every answer will be equally satisfactory.

Yet the majority of New Yorkers are so used to "hoping" along their public works, so used to disappointments, so used to delayed contracts, so used to jobs that eat up money, so used to buildings built for economy that prove prodigies of extravagance, so used to paying extra rent while new quarters lie idle and unfinished, that now they only wait to see this superb structure complete and in full blast to be proud of it and no questions asked.

The most colossal civic asset of New York is its good nature.

Christmas comes but once a year,
But when it comes it brings good cheer—
and SPUGS.

Letters From the People

"Is the Climate Changing?"
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is the climate changing? I am seventy-six years old. But people who are much younger than I can easily recall when our winters began much earlier, were much colder and lasted much longer than they now do. It was a rarity in old days when we did not have sleighing by Thanksgiving Day. And the "spring ploughing" used to begin the last part of March, instead of in mid-April as now. Summers were much hotter. I find our winters shorter and warmer than of olden days and our summers cooler. The warm days now do not begin as early in the spring as they did. Winter (real winter) seldom begins much before Christmas, and the cool weather often lasts till nearly June. Who can explain this odd but obvious change? SENEX.

Tango vs. Trot.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I want to protest against the name "Tango" as usually applied to any or all of a dozen foolish, awkward and often unseemly dances. The tango is a graceful and pretty dance, and is a mere variation on the ancient minuet. There are a horde of modern dances that are awkward and ungainly. And they are falsely known as the "tango." This is a mistake. The tango is not the trot. Let them be known by their rightful, if asinine, names, viz.: the turkey trot, the bunny hug, the grizzly bear, the castle walk, the hesitation, the kitchen sink or any other of a dozen crazy titles. But don't let's miscall them "tango." As sensibly call the scamper of pigs from a pen a ballet. R. S.

Half-Brothers, Not Step-Brothers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

If a man's married and has a son by his first wife and she dies and then again he marries and has a son by his second wife, should the two boys be called "step-brothers" or half-brothers? D. M.

How Many Minutes?
To the Editor of the Evening World:

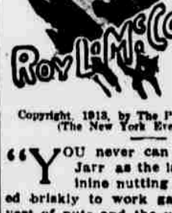
What reader can solve this problem: "A shovels 1 ton of coal in 5 minutes; B shovels 1 ton of coal in 10 minutes; C shovels 1 ton of coal in 15 minutes. How many minutes will it take A, B and C together to shovel 1 ton of coal?" J. P. T.

Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten

The Jarr Family.

By Roy L. McCardell.



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"YOU never can tell!" said Mrs. Jarr as the ladies on the feminine nutting expedition started briskly to work gathering the harvest of nuts and the vintage of grapes. "See how plenteously Nature spreads her stores!"

This was true enough so far as the nuts were concerned, for they were scattered in profusion over the ground. The wild grapes, or so the ladies pronounced them, were also plentiful, growing in clusters on a large number of tall bushes near the path.

"And Mr. Stryver laughed at me when I told him we were going nutting," said Mrs. Stryver, panting (for she was standing on tiptoe, bending over the branches of the vines and plucking off the wild grapes. "They don't taste good, that's a fact!" she added, for she had sampled several.

"Wild grapes are not fit to eat until cooked. Everybody knows that!" said Clara Mudridge-Smith, who was picking up the nuts as fast as the hampering accoutrements of very high heels to her shoes and a very long lower length to her modern type of corset permitted.

"And the nuts are dreadfully bitter!" remarked Mrs. Diiger, who had bitten into one.

"Peanuts have to be cooked and chestnuts are generally boiled or roasted," explained Clara Mudridge-Smith. "So these er-er hazel nuts, or filberts, have to be cooked, too, I assume."

"Suppose they should be poison! Let us be careful!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, if we could only see some wild animal eating them!"

As though in obedience to the first of these three wishes, a tall, gaunt, bristling animal came upon the scene. It had such a fierce and unkempt appearance that the ladies all screamed in wild alarm. However, the uncouth beast did not bother them at all but after uttering a few contemptuous "Whuck! Whuck! Whucks!" began eating the nuts on the ground with great eagerness.

Reaching the base of the great tree from which the nuts had dropped, the ugly and most unpleasant animal began to rub himself against the bole, shaking the tree until the nuts rained down.

"Oh, I know what it is!" said Mrs. Jarr. "It's a hog—a razorback hog! I know it's a razorback hog because it is stropping itself."

"It's a dreadful creature," whimpered Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith. "But, thank goodness! Here comes our protector, our noble dog Hector! He will save us!"

Sure enough, Mrs. Wilgus's great egg hound bounded into the scene like a canine Spartacus leaping into the arena. At the sight of the dog the nut-eating, self-stropping razorback hog erected every bristle on his scraggy back and with fire in his eyes and champing his teeth in fury he gave a couple of fiercer "Whuck! Whucks!" and leaped for the egg hound.

With a yelp of terror that noble beast turned tail and ran as fast as he could go, with the self-stropping razor back after him squealing with baffled rage and hate.

"I think," said Mrs. Jarr as she calmly resumed harvesting the nuts again, "I think that we should make friends with the pig if we want real protection. He surely is monarch of the woods."

"Yes," said Mrs. Stryver, "the pig also proved one thing, and that is that the nuts are good to eat. Dear me! I wish he would come back so we could test the wild grapes."

"Oh, they are wild grapes, all right," said Mrs. Diiger. "Look at their brilliant purple juice. Still, I must say, I don't care to eat them raw."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Jarr, "never let the men folks make fun of women again. We have been in the woods only an hour and we have gathered a clothes basket full of nuts. Come, girls!"

"But we can't carry the basket. It's too heavy," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Empty half the nuts out and fill the basket up with wild grapes; they're light," suggested Mrs. Stryver. "Aren't they beautiful? Aren't they de"—— She was going to say "delicious," but amended it to "juicy," for the bursting wild grapes were staining everything they touched a vivid crimson.

Carrying the clothes basket two by two in turn, the successful lady scouts and woodswomen turned for home. They had not gone far when Mrs. Wilgus's egg hound, which had made a detour of some four miles to escape the vengeful and irascible razorback hog, appeared in front of them.

He was somewhat out of breath, yet not too much to bare his teeth at them again and demand more blackmail in the shape of luncheon. But Mrs. Jarr whacked the bullying bluffer sharply with Clara Mudridge-Smith's golden shepherd's crook and he yelped and ran. A few more rods away he still more loudly barked and yelped.

"The hog has got him!" said Mrs. Jarr.

But Mago, alias Hector, had met another enemy.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A German editor accuses President Wilson of having "imperialistic delirium." This is even better than having brainstorms.—Baltimore American.

* * *

Man in Cleveland starts an organization to foster the smile. Stands to be a success if there aren't any dues. Such things would be frowned upon.—Milwaukee Daily News.

* * *

We don't expect Col. Roosevelt to do the impossible while in South America, but we certainly shall be disappointed if he doesn't come back with the satisfaction of having killed a bull with his bare hands, scored a tremendous hit in grand opera in Buenos Ayres, discovered the headwaters of the Amazon, planted the flag of Armageddon on the highest peak of the Andes and established a record in the matter of cups of Brazil coffee at one sitting.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

* * *

Several girls have entered the Toledo School of Carpentry. Is it possible that women can learn to saw wood and say nothing?—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

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It would not do a newly married man any good to know what his bride's girl friends think of him.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

In an Eastern city it is suggested that the election booths, idle eleven months in the year, should be rented out for chicken houses, or portable garages.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Broadway Ballads—(IX.)

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When autumn's chill is in the air,
And winds from off the sea
Come sweeping in much overcharged
With raw humidity;
Ah! then my lady's color blooms
As ruddy as the rose;
It's quite becoming on her cheeks—
But not so on her nose.

LITTLE CAUSES of BIG WARS

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

No. 12.—A Petty Order That Led to England's Civil War.

AN English King didn't like his subjects' growing habit of emigrating to America.

It not only drained the peasant and merchant ranks from which he drew the bulk of his revenues, but it seemed to him an insulting criticism on the way his kingdom was run. So one day in 1633 he scribbled his signature to an order forbidding a certain ship, then in harbor, to sail for Boston. He probably forgot the order after a day or two, in the slough of other blunders in which he was forever wallowing. He assuredly did not realize that it would have been a hundred times wiser for him to cut off his own right hand than have signed that order.

For, indirectly, he had just signed his own death warrant and had helped shove England into the abyss of civil war, wherein he himself was destined to lose his crown and his life. The King was Charles I.

Now, aboard the ship whose sailing Charles had forbidden was a man who had become so disgusted with government misrule that he had resolved to turn his back forever on his fatherland and to throw in his fortunes with those of the New England colonists.

A Slovenly Genius.

This man was a well-to-do farmer nearly forty years old, stocky of build, red and puffy of face, blustering and noisy of manner, slovenly in dress and with dirty hands and dirtier linen.

As a boy he had been a dunce. As a young man he had been so wild and dissolute as to bring his godly parents to despair. Then, marrying and settling down on his farm, he had joined the Puritan sect and had begun to pray as loudly as once he had sworn. Because of his mighty genius for leadership, he gained influence with the plain folk of his own sort, the folk who were soon to wrest the reins of rulership from the courtiers who mocked and oppressed them.

The swollen-faced, rough farmer with the dirty linen and the arrogant manner was Oliver Cromwell.

Aboard the detained ship with him were Hampden, Haselrig, Pym, and a number of others who were afterward to start and fan the spread of war-flame throughout England. King Charles, in cooping up this shipload of firebrands, had achieved the crowning mistake of his long series of life-blunders.

England was beginning to learn—what America later proved by a glorious fight for liberty and what France taught her nobles by a baptism of blood—that the people and not one small ruling class are the masters of a nation. King Charles's chief idea in life was that monarchs are chosen by God to rule kingdoms in any way they may choose. For centuries his ancestors had acted on this "divine right" belief.

But in Charles's day the people were awakening. Cromwell, Hampden, Pym and many another were loudly declaring that no foolish or unjust King had the right to shape a nation's course. Charles thought otherwise. When Parliament (acting as the people's voice), opposed him, he dismissed Parliament, as a mother might tell a naughty child to leave the room.

Parliament and its adherents rose in rebellion. England was split into two great factions—the Parliament party and those who still clung to the shopworn belief in the divine right of Kings. Civil war set in.

Little by little the Parliament forces gained ground. In one battle after another—notably at Naseby—they thrashed the King's armies. Cromwell,—who had had no military training, but who was a born general just as he was a born statesman—was one of the foremost figures in this war. It was he to whom the chief credit for the victories at Naseby and elsewhere were given. At his back were the "Ironsides," a body of invincible fighters, stern, bloodthirsty, relentless.

The Killing of a King.

At last Charles was hopelessly beaten. He fled to the Scotch for refuge. His grandmother's mother, Marie Stuart, had been Queen of Scotland and the Highlanders were supposed to adore him. The Scotch, however, thriftily sold their adored King to the English.

Now that they had Charles in their power the Parliament leaders did not quite know what to do with him. They dared not let him free to stir up new trouble and there was always danger of escape if they kept him a prisoner. They settled the question in true "Ironsides" fashion by beheading him. Cromwell had loudly announced:

"We will cut off his head with the crown upon it!"

Cromwell was soon the sole ruler of England. But for a careless royal order, written a few years earlier, he might instead have been tilling a rocky farm somewhere in the neighborhood of Boston.

The Day's Good Stories.

The Prayer Monopoly

JUDGE WILLIAM H. HUNT said at a luncheon the other day:

"The Chinese beat us in many things—they even beat us in trusts. Once, in my boyhood, in New Orleans, I got to know quite well Yot Lung, a laundryman. Yot had hanging above his cot a queer pad of rice paper, like a calendar, all written over with Chinese characters.

"'What is that, Yot?' I asked one day.

"'That,' he answered, 'is a prayer-book. I tear off half a sheet every night and half a sheet every morning, for the good pray twice a day.'

"He went on to explain that a corporation in Peking had the monopoly of these prayer-books, a copyright protected them, and any one who infringed the copyright got a year in jail.

"'A monopoly of a nation's prayer! A monopoly of oil or meat or steel seems trifling beside that, eh!'"—Washington Star.

Urgent Business.

A MAN called at the Wellington post-office the other day and asked for the postmaster. He was told by the clerk that the postmaster was not in.

"When will he be in?" was asked.

The postmaster would be in within half an hour. "Is there anything I can do for you?" the clerk asked.

"No; I want to see the postmaster."

After a while the man came back and asked again for the postmaster.

"He's not back yet," the clerk told him. "Is there anything I can do for you, or can I tell him something when he comes?"

"No, there ain't nuthin' you can do, and I wisht the postmaster was here. I want to see if there's any mail for me, and I'm gettin' in a hurry."—Kansas City Star.

Luck.

GEORGE ADE, at a dinner, said of luck:

"Nobody is so dependent on luck as the playwright. When he prospers he considers luck a kindly goddess; but when his vault fails then luck seems to him a spirit perversely cruel and mean.

"He regards luck then as Tom Jackson's wife, of Lafayette, does.

"Tom Jackson said one morning at breakfast:

"'Hang it all! While I was weeding I dropped my Imperial Order of the Rooster's pin on the lawn, and I've been looking for it now over half an hour. It's gone for good, I suppose.'

"That night when Jackson sat down to dinner there was his pin beside his plate.

"'Bully for you,' said he. 'Where did you find it, Martha?'

"'I let Tommy go barefooted this afternoon,' said Mrs. Jackson quietly."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The May Manton Fashions

Pattern No. 8072—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

EVERY variation of the vest feature is to be noted in the new blouse. Here is a pretty one that can be worn with open neck or with a chemisette. The sleeves are joined to it at the elongated line and, if the long ones are not liked, they can be cut off at the elbows. The blouse is a good one for wear with the odd skirt and also to be used for the gown of one material. In the illustration, one of the pretty little flowered silks is made with collar and vest of plain but it is easy to think of a great many attractive contrasts. For vests are being used a great many rich and handsome silks in really brilliant colors.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3 7-8 yards of material 27, 1 7-8 yards 36, 1 3-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 1-4 yards 27 for vest, collar and cuffs.

Pattern No. 8072 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inch bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 180 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.